

GOODMAN COUNTRY:

To his Worship

The City of LONDON.

Z I R,

WE have of late been in a woundy pudder and tattle about your Election of *Sheriffs*. The *King*, we thank him, chuses ours to our great content and quiet; but it zeems it's your *right* and *property* to chuse yours; and we cominend you for being so stout and stickling to maintain your *Priviledges* : Nor was it a little joy to us to hear how successful you were in carrying the *Cause*, and that your *Battel* and *Victory* was attended with such *Houting* and *Shouting*, and *flourishing* of *Handkerchiefs*, that the Gyants in Yeild-Hall never saw the like in all their born.

The Reason why the Country applauds the Cities Choice.

We know not well what men you have chosen, nor do we much care what they *are*, or what they have *been*, or what they will *be*; or what Party they are *of*, as long as they have money enough to qualifie them for the *Office*: But this we hope, *they are men for the purpose, and will stand stiffly up to preserve our Kings Life, Property, and Protestant Religion*. And then bless *me*, and my *Dun Cow*, we care not a Fig for all the Papists in the World.

It is no matter who the City chooses for Sheriffs, so they are Protestants and wealthy.

For as silly a *Clown* as *I* am, I love my *Liberty* and my *Protestant Religion*; and would the *Pope* and his Agents had been Poxt and bepist when they seduced any of our *Volk* to *Popery*: And were I *Heir* to a Crown, the old Canting Rogue the *Pope* should be *hang'd* before he should *wheel* me out of it, with the promise of giving me a *Heavenly* one for it, because I know he hath nothing to do there. And if I were the *Son* of a *King* that was murdered by his *Counsel* and *Contrivance*, I would see him at the Devil, before he should bubble me into his Religion, for then I must believe that his killing my *Father* was no murder, and that they *died* wrongfully who were *Executed* for having a hand in his *Death*. For our *Parson* hath often told us, that the *Pope* and his *Jesuits* hold it lawful to poyson or stab, or make away Kings, that are Hereticks or Excommunicate. The *Duce* take such a Religion, and a Bots on all *Rebels* and *Traytors*.

It is very irrational to change Protestantism for Popery.

Now hang me like a Dog if I am not as great a lover of my *Protestant Religion* as any of you all. For my *Grand-father*, and my *Father* which begot me, and bred me up in it, were very good *Scholars*, and could write and read, and they always told me, that *I could not have learnt a better Religion in the World*, for it taught me to be a true Christian, a good Man, and a *Loyal Subject* to the King, God bless him. Besides, I am possesst of vour or vive *Closes*, which formerly belonged to an *Abby*, and before I will lose my *Londs*, I will cut the *Popes* throat. Zookes, I will never change my Religion for that, which will kill my *King*, and rob me of my *Estate*.

Especially if a man have been bred up in the Protestant Religion, and is heir to a good Estate.

The imprudence of the City in calling the Church of England men Protestants in Masquerade. Or saying that they are Popishly Affected.

But now Mr. City I must tell your Worship, that some Gentry-Volk of your Town tell us strange Stories of you, how that you make a woundy noise and buzzle in glorying of your late gained *Victory*, and that you Proudly and Insolently call all the *Protestants* that go to Church, by the names of *Church-Papists*, and *Popishly affected*.

Zump! what do you mean to do? Are you for running down the Popish Plot, and will you now disoblige and lose the best friends that ever you had, or will have, for carrying on such a Cause. Did ever men Write and speak, Preach and Dispute against the Whore of *Babylon* at that Rate, and with such Success as the *Parsons* of our Country do? And will you call these men *Church-Papists*?

I would a *Blister* had been on that worshipful *Godfathers* tongue, that gave the name of Protestants in *Masquerade* to our honest Church of *England* men. I am sure whatever the word signifies, he meant no good by it: And you cannot imagine how much we stomach the Word, since we now understand it; for say the Learned, the first Syllable of *Masquerade* is *Mas*, and *Mas* is a Popish word, Ergo, *Masquerade Protestant* is a *Popish Protestant*: a most ridiculous nonsensical Invention, to render odious all those that worship God in their Parish Churches. What if we in retort should say, that a *Jesuit* is a *Popish Presbyterian*, and a *Presbyterian* is a *Protestant Jesuit*? I think this would not be so absurd, as your calling the Church of *England*-men *Popish Protestants*.

Country Churchwardens and Siders can prove out of the Book of Martyrs, and the Statute Law of England, that the men of the Church of England are the best and truest sort of Protestants.

No sooner did our *Church-wardens* and *Zidesmen* hear that you, Mr. City, called all them that went to Church, by the names of *Popishly Affected*, and *Protestants in Masquerade*, but presently they went and searched the *Book of Martyrs* that was chained to a Desk in the corner of the Church, and there they found, that the people that were burnt, and hang'd, and executed in the bloody Reign of *Queen Mary*, were those that first modell'd and compiled our Protestant Religion in the days of *Edward the Sixth*, or which professed and practised the outward Form of it in their Publick Churches or private Families.

Nay one of our *Zidesmen*, a parlous fellow at the Statute Book, hath often told our Parishioners, that *Queen Elizabeth*, *King James*, and *King Charles* were *Protestants*, and that in their Reigns the strongest and best *Laws* against Popery, and for the Establishment and Preservation of the true Protestant Religion were made by such men, that went constantly to our *Parish Churches*, to worship God in the same manner that we do in our *Town*.

And were these men then, both good, and true, and honest Protestants, and now must we be call'd *Popishly Affected*, and *Protestants in Masquerade*, because we worship God after their Example, and according to the *Laws* which they made? A *Peascod* on these villanous Nicknames; for you could not have done a greater injury to your selves, nor a greater kindness to the Popish Plot, than by vilifying that Church which the Papist hates, and would rejoice to see ruined.

Advice to leave off Nicknames.

Come, come, leave your madness and fooling, and learn to be sober and wise: for a Gentry man in our *Town* hath often said, that they are the true *English Protestants*, who profess and practise that Protestant Religion which was established by Law in the time of *Queen Elizabeth*, *King James*, and *King Charles*.

Or else your Sheriffs Elect are Protestants in Masquerade and Popishly Affected.

And if it be true which we hear, that your *Sheriffs Elect* have lately been at one of your Parish Churches, to hear *Common-Prayer*, and receive the Sacrament according to the Church of *England*: then by your leave, Mr. City, and according to your own Argument, you have chosen two Sheriffs that are *Popishly Affected*, and *Protestants in Masquerade*.

Well, Sir, If you have a mind to weaken the Interest of Protestantism in cutting

cutting off from you the best and greatest part of the Nation by such *scandalous Characters*, I am afraid you will afterwards treat them again with *blows and bloody Persecution*.

But if you have a longing after a *Holy War*, to fight the *Lords Battel*, Pray keep your Armies within your *Lines of Excommunication*, as we call them. You have a *Magazine of Arms*, and a *Bank of Money* within your self. And therefore if you have a mind to fight, Draw your *Parties* out every morning to *Mile-End-Green, Moorfields, or Islington*; there let them *combat* all day, and at night receive them that come off *alive* into your own *quarters*: But be sure you march not one foot out of the *Lines of Excommunication*. Where is the most proper place to manage a rebellious War.

For should you come once more into our Parts with your *Essex-Garters*, *Orange coloured Scarfs*, with great *Gold Fringe* at the end of them, you are like to have cold *Entertainment*, and no *Lodging*: for now we have no *Cittadels*, no *Castles*, no *Forts*, nor any *Remains* of a *Town or City Wall* to shelter your selves so much as from a shower of *Rain*. And as for *Mony*, alack, we have not enough by a great deal to pay our *Landlords*. And as for quartering you in our *Villages, Inns, or Alehouses*, our last prudent *Parliament* hath by a Law secured us against you. The Country unfit to entertain a rebellious Army.

Nay our very *women* are grown stark mad to hear that there is any cause to fear another *Rebellion*, because that they know upon experience that they shall all then be rifled of their *Plate, Pewter and Brasses*, their *Pigsties* and *Henroosts* robb'd, and they and their *Daughters* *ravisht*. And as for our younger sort, they are resolved never to part with their *Bodkins, Thimbles and silver Spoons*, because their *Sweet-hearts* made them swear at the giving of them, that they would never more lend such things upon *Publick Faith*. The Country unwilling.

And as for our *Landlords*, though they hate *Popery* as much as your *Worship, Mr. City*, yet they cannot endure to think of rooting it out of *England* by an *Army*; because they know that their own houses then, will at one time or another be exposed to *Plunder*, their *Horses* stole out of *Field* or *Stables*, their *Coffers* broke open, *Rents* run all away into *Taxes*, and they and their *Children* be sent to *beg*, or serve as *Slaves* to those that will pity them so much, as to give them *Bread and Water*. The Country unable to maintain another Civil War.

And I have heard three or four of our *Gentry Volk* that wear *Velvet Coats* on *Christmas and Easter-Day*, say, that if ever an *Army* of three score thousand men get into the heart of our *Kingdom*, they may easily conquer it, and when it is once conquered, they may make all the *People* their *Tenants*: For where *Power* is, there is *Right and Possession*; saith that *Varlet Hobbes*, And then the *Stile* of our *Petitions* will be, **May it please your Majesty, our Sovereign Lord the Army:** Have a care of making an Army our Sovereign Lord and Tyrant.

Nor will your *Worship, Mr. City*, fare any better, for you shall be continually *bridled and saddled* as well as *chain'd*. Then no *Counters, Newgate, Ludgate, or Kings-Bench* will be allowed, for as fast as men become *malefactors* or run in *debt*, or *break*, they will presently take *refuge* under the wings of the *Army*, and live upon *Pay and Plunder*. Nay, the very *Apprentices*, if they do not like their *Masters*, will presently run to the *Army*, and be dubb'd *Freemen*. The City utterly undone if they set up an Army.

Whatever may be the cause of your *Heats and Divisions*, we are sure, that none amongst us *clamor and rail* against the present Government, but the *disgusted, discontented, and indigent* persons: For we observed in our *Towns*, that the most active and violent men for *Petitioning*, were quondam *Committee-Men*, and *Sequestrators*, and those that were concerned in *Crown and Church-Lands*, and those that were *decaying* in their *Trades*; for men that have good *Estates*, and thrive in their *Callings*, will never be so mad and foolish to put Government into *Confusion and War*, since they only of all men must run the hazard of *losing* all they have. None discontented at the present Government, but old Committee men, Sequestrators, Purchasers of Crown and Church Lands, and Bankrupts.

For

No War without Money,
and no Money without insufferable Taxes.

For as the contesting between parties for *Superiority* in a Nation will at last come to blows and fighting, so such a sort of Controversie cannot be maintain'd without *Money*. And as our late *unnatural War* begat such Taxes and Impositions, as *England* never heard of before, so another like War will revive the same, or put some men upon inventing others far more *grievous and intolerable*.

Folly to change a good condition for a bad one.

And then how like *fools* shall we all look one upon another, when we have changed our *King and civil Government*, which secures our Rights, Liberties, Properties and Priviledges, for a *Sovereign Lord the Army*, and the tyranny of the Sword, which alwayes plunders a People of these *Riches*, and oppresses them with *slavery and bondage*.

The City perhaps doth not intend Tumult and Rebellion.

Perhaps Mr. *City*, you are not now designing such a *thing* as this, and without a pair of *Spectacles* you cannot see those that are: But if it should come to pass (which God forbid) then you will say I am a *Conjurer*, and cry, *A vow to God, who would a thought it*.

But the Papists will drive them to it, unless speedily and prudently prevented.

No doubt, but very good and honest men were concern'd in those unhappy affairs of *Vorty*, and *Vorty one*; and had no other intention at first, but to remove or redress some grievances which they then said were in Church and State: Yet when these good men went to *Reformation*, how soon were they carried off from the Jack they aimed at, by an *undiscernable* byas that was in the *Bowl*, and *unexpected rub* in the way. And then by the wiles and stratagems of *Jesuited Politicians*, how strangely were they carried to all manner of *extravagancies*; insomuch that they found they could not be safe, without being the monsters of Wickedness and Villany? And the same restless Spirits, and *Machiavillian Brains* are now at work, and unless there be a very *speedy, prudent and vigilant* care taken to cool and moderate the furious temper and *fiery zeal* of some that are call'd *Protestants*, I dare foretell, you will have another *civil War*, and far more *bloody* than the former.

Lay aside Parties and Factions.

It's no matter who are *Presbyterians*, or *Independents*, or *Anabaptists*, so they be for the Protestant Religion and *Interest*: And as long as they are for that, the Church of *England-men* heartily joyn with them. But if these several persuasions (to gratifie the Papists, and further their designs) shall persist to vilifie the Church of *England-men*, by saying they are *Popishly affected*, or *Protestants in Masquerade*; Then the Church of *England-men* have nothing else to do, but to commit their *Cause* to God, and to *acquiesce* in his Providence, with this Declaration to the World: That *Fire and Fagot* will never make them *Papists*; and Sequestration, Imprisonment and Death will never force them to be Fanaticks and Rebels.

The Church of *England-men* are resolved neither to be Papists nor Rebels.

Thus wishing you all *Peace and Prosperity*, and to keep out of the need of another Act of *Indemnity*,

I rest your Worships

true and hearty lover

and humble servant

Honest Country.